

All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author, not necessarily for publication but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving names and dates to have the letters and figures plain and distinct.

#### SANTA CRUZ.

Seaward, the waves with hollow sound  
Against the worn cliffs moan and toss.  
Landward, the vine-clad hills surround  
The city of the Holy Cross.

O'erhead the skies cerulean bend,  
The balmy air each life renews;  
And flowers their hues and perfume blend,  
To charm each sense at Santa Cruz.

Blest Santa Cruz! A hundred years  
Have passed since first that name was  
Given.

"Midst ringing bells, while savage ears  
Listened as prayers arose to Heaven  
From those, who—counting gain nor loss—  
Railed on thy heights the sacred Cross.

A mouldering stone 'mid tangled vines  
Dimly preserves their memory.  
A noble pile their work enshrines.  
The fane, the cross, beside the sea,  
Point—symbols of a Redeemer's love—  
From heaven below to Heaven above.  
—F. L. Clarke, in Overland.

#### Two Hundred Pounds Reward.

By R. E. Young.

TWO HUNDRED POUNDS reward! Now, here's your chance, Jimmy," rapped out my chief one morning. "Camden Town—your own neighborhood. The police up there are making a confounded mystery of it; it ought to be as simple as clock-work. Ha, ha! Twenty bales of rare silk, worth thousands, consigned all the way from Lyons to Jowetts, the big West end drapers. Jowetts' agent rushes off to the station to meet it—and finds that some smart rogues have got there one hour before him, presented forged credentials and driven off with the stuff in a van in broad daylight. Now! Soon after midnight a constable noted just such a van as described suspiciously rounding the corner of Windygate street, Camden Town, and at that very minute, mark you, some one ran up and led him off with a bogus tale of murder going on at the other end of his beat. When he got back—van gone and all beautifully quiet.

"Here are two days gone and no developments. Jowetts, half mad because the kind of silk spoils in no time unless kept very dry, have been here and offered £200 for immediate recovery. There you are! Windygate street is a cul de sac, with about 50 or 60 houses in it. The silk may be stowed in any one of them, and all the local police have done is to put an extra man on watch at the open end, on the chance that there will be an attempt to remove the bales. Off you go! I give you 24 hours!"

I hurried out with a confident smile. In less than an hour I had got to Windygate street—a quiet double row of houses of a featureless three-story type—and was in time to see the "special" man exchanging chat with a servant girl at the opposite corner. He said something, and she tripped off. Another stare, and then he passed me with a confidential whisper.

"Thought I knew you, Mr. Girdlestone. It's all right—a bit of business. That's the girl at a house half way down—knows nearly everyone in the street, and ready to talk all day. Oh, I'm careful, sir; we don't want 'em to take fright and destroy the silk. No, not a ghost of a clew so far, sir, except the van business. There's the rut by the curb where it turned, and then a much lighter one where it was turned back, unloaded, no doubt; but there's been no rain since. Saucy! But, bless you, sir, it might be done every night—there's not a soul stirring here after 11."

"Humph! Shift your point a dozen yards higher up, out of sight; and let me know anything that happens. There'll be a rag-and-bottle man along here presently—you understand?"

I hurried home—it was barely a ten-minutes' walk. Half an hour later I was leaving again by the back entrance, so dirty and disreputable that my own wife had given a start. To hire a barrow and stack some rubbish on it was simplicity itself; within the hour I was wheeling it into Windygate street, shouting hoarsely a record price for rags and old bottles. At every area door I had the impudence to knock and reiterate the statement; and at one likely-looking house even contrived to trip over the step, bring down some glass with an unnerving crash and sham a giddiness. No use; it merely provoked the remark: "Served him right!" At the end of my arduous round I was only richer by a barrow-load of unconsidered trifles. Until nearly dusk I hung about the place, and then, with a few whispered instructions to the constable on watch, trudged back home to think out a more definite plan of action.

It must have been about eight o'clock when, as I sat studying the Camden Town directory, the most curious, undreamed-of coincidence occurred. The bell rang hesitatingly; a pause, and then my wife tapped to say that a young person, apparently in trouble, wished to see me upon private business. Next moment a young lady in widow's weeds had floated impressively into the room and was raising her veil from a white, worried face.

"Mr. Girdlestone—the police inspector?" she queried, quickly, in a voice as singularly sweet as her expression, and I bowed—her description was near enough for the nonce. "Then I hope you won't think me silly, but, really, I felt I could put up with it no longer. Oh, if my dear husband were only here!" A touching pause, broken by half a sob, then: "My name is Varney. I live at No. 9 Windygate street—if you know it, sir. It may sound strange,

but I go in fear of something happening—almost in fear of my life! You know, when dear Harold died, I had to let the ground and first floor—to a man named Winston and his wife.

"They seemed strange from the first, and kept all their doors locked; then they began to have mysterious visitors long after dark, and my servant kept waking me at night to say she could not sleep for the queer noises. I'm positive there's something wrong, and yet I daren't say anything, for there are firearms about—the man deliberately shot my cat one day because it looked at his canary. But that's not all; these last two days there has been a continual digging sound down in the basement, especially at night. I lie and quake; it sounds just as if they are burrowing under the street—they might, for all I know, be mixed up with those—those dreadful nihilist people! There, I know there is a mystery behind!"

That was it, poured out in agitated breaths. I think it was fully a minute before I could turn my face and say, readily: "Indeed? And what made you come to me, madam?"

"To you? Oh, of course! Why, I gave them notice to go six weeks back, and they simply laughed. Since then they have not offered a farthing rent. I dread an upset of any kind; several times I have thought of going to the police for advice, and always hesitated. But this evening my girl said there was a homely constable at the corner, the Winston happened to have gone out, so I slipped on my things, ran up and asked him if he would mind coming in to see what was going on, and how I could get an ejection notice. He wrote this address on a piece of paper and told me to come straight to you, the inspector, as you would see to it immediately. He said something about a search warrant, but how could I—"

"He did quite right—and so did you!" I was at the door in two strides. This queer accident, brought about so simply, showed the way as clear as daylight. I had stumbled upon the nest and should have the silk within a few hours. I would wait for no search warrant nor to ask further details. "This way, madam! You say they have gone out—then I'll come back with you. In any case, you can admit me as a friend."

"Ye-es." She had a hand to her forehead. "But—but I'm sure they are desperate people! Anything rather than a disturbance, or that neighbors should talk!"

"Leave that to me. Er—Katie!" I called over the banisters. "Don't sit up in case I'm late."

We went out. A moment later we were hurrying towards Windygate street—and what? I looked round for our constable. He stepped out from the shadow opposite No. 9.

"Haven't seen anyone go in, sir," he whispered. "The lady asked me to wait near, in case of anything. I think we've got 'em easily—I tumbled at once. No, I'm not relieved for two hours yet, sir."

"Come inside with us, then." Up the steps we went. The servant girl, very pale, was standing in the hall. Together we all stood listening—not a sound from below. Nothing more lucky could have happened! "Now, keep cool, madam," I said, "and we'll have a look round downstairs. The girl can watch here." \* \* \* By Jove, yes, every door is locked!

I pulled out my bunch of keys to try them. We were standing in the passage below, the candlestick shaking in Mrs. Varney's hand. It was rather an exciting moment.

"None of mine fit, I know," she breathed, nervously. "But do make haste, sir—couldn't they imprison us for doing this? . . . There, that key looks exactly like the breakfast parlor one—this door; let me try it, sir. No, it doesn't quite turn. Oh, and there's the door of the big cellar, where we keep hearing the digging and knocking noises!"

I had forgotten that. Flinging open the door, I peered down into the blackness. "Hand me that lamp—we'll soon know," I said, and the constable followed me down the wooden steps. At the foot the ceiling was so low we had to stoop. "Quick! We might find the bales here," I whispered to him.

"Mind the coals!" came madam's shaky voice down. "Oh, be quick! The cellar runs out under the street. It sounded as if they . . . Mercy, it's the Winston, come back! Out with the light, sir—don't move, for heaven's sake!"

"Find out something while we're about it," I said, and we completed our circuit of the damp wall. There were no signs of any excavations whatever, that we could discover. "Queer! What about the door?" I went cautiously back to the steps, and pushed. It gave me quite a little thrill to find the door immovable; either some one held it or a heavy weight had been placed against it. I tip-toed back. The constable looked rather pale in the candle light.

"Queer the word, sir!" he whispered. "I don't half like it. I just thought of the coal shoot, and there's something on it—the plate won't shift. They know we're down here, mark my word! That's a cart stopping outside! Mr. Girdlestone, they're clearing off!"

Beyond a doubt! Heavy footsteps were passing along the passage, and out on the pavement. For a time we stood, in a sort of stupefaction; then, in a spasm of rage, I made a dash at that door, determined to chance anything. Useless—it resisted our united strain; clearly, we were pushing against some weighty object. We pounded and shouted, but to no purpose; we were caught in a maddening trap, and had only ourselves to blame. But—the mortification of it!

"Let them go!" I panted, at last. "We must have them sooner or later—she'll come down and let us out the moment they turn their backs."

"Unless they've done for her!" he whispered. "It took something to frighten that woman, sir!"

And almost simultaneously—shall I ever forget it?—there came a jolt in the scurrying overhead, and then a voice, thick with nervous laughter, just outside that door:

"Er—mind the coals!" It was Mrs. Varney's voice. The hall door banged, there was the sound of a cart rumbling away, and then—utter, significant silence.

"Great heavens!" I could just gasp out. For how long we stood staring at each other, taking in the full realization. I should not like to say. Trap? Yes, indeed! . . . That sweet young "widow" was one of the gang—perhaps Mrs. Winston herself. Possibly by accident, more probably through the servant's cunning chatter with the constable, they had discovered that Detective Girdlestone was on their heels, and had concocted this grotesque simple trick to inveigle the pair of us into the house while they removed the plunder to a place of safety. It was their one chance—and we had played clean into their hands. Maddening? Not the word! That it should have succeeded so merited a far stronger expression—and doubtless would get it. I flew to the coal shoot. Still immovable.

"Your truncheon!" I gasped. "You haven't one? Up with some of this coal; aim high, and splinter that door. I'll have them yet!"

Bang! crash! sounded through the house. The top hinge gave—a panel shattered; in two minutes we were clambering across a heavy wringing machine that had been wedged between the door and a projection of the wall. A pause for breath, and then a hasty search of the house. Five minutes sufficed to prove how incredibly we had been fooled. The place was, save for one or two rooms, practically destitute of furniture—clearly enough, it had been rented more for nefarious than for domestic purposes. Signs of the silk there were none. Now we were out at the door, all but coming to grief again over a stone slab placed across the coal shoot. Ten minutes later we panted into the police station, and had sent all the available men, with descriptions of the young "widow," flying over Camden Town. Then I started back for home. I would get rid of the grime and coal dust, and then take a cab straight to Scotland Yard.

I got to the door and pulled out my keys. My keys! They were not mine—with a gasp I stood and realized that that clever creature, asking to try them, had handed me back her own bunch in exchange. Why, what—? Twice I knocked loudly before the door opened and showed me my wife's face as white as a sheet.

"You, Jimmy? Oh, thank heaven! We haven't dared to move!"

"What do you mean?"—in the nearest whisper.

"Oh, we've had such a scare, Jane and I! We were sitting in the kitchen, not half an hour ago, and we thought we heard some one moving about up here—creeping up and down the stairs. I screamed out something, and Jane says she heard this door click. We couldn't stir hand or foot till I heard you knock! I knew it couldn't be you."

"You knew!" With a groan, I strode into the parlor. I knew what I should find; my handsome bronze timepiece, my choice vases, and a score of other small valuables—all gone. Upstairs I sprang like a madman. On the bedroom table had lain my presentation gold watch and chain, that I would not have lost for a fortune. One look—and I staggered back, fairly crushed. . . . Gone! A daring double stroke of villainy; they had walked in with my own key while I was fooling at the station. And as if this second humiliating blow was not enough to permanently kill any man's good opinion of himself, on the looking glass frame was pinned a scrap of paper, bearing this master-stroke of irony:

"Mind the coals!" That was a year ago, and Messrs. Jowetts, the big drapers, still mourn the loss of their rich consignment of silk. They seem likely to go on mourning. And I—well, my deepest ambition is to come face to face for just one moment with that sweet young woman who went by the name of Varney. I may not—and I may.—Tit-Bits.

## ART IN ARCHITECTURE.

DESIGNED AND WRITTEN ESPECIALLY FOR THIS PAPER.

This 11-room house can be erected for \$1,800, upon a foundation of rubble stone.

The size of the parlor is 13x13 feet; sitting-room, 12x15 feet 6 inches; dining-room, 12x13 feet 6 inches; kitchen, 10 feet 3 inches by 13 feet; and six chambers of the following sizes: 8x10 feet 3 inches; 10 feet 6 inches by 13 feet; 12x13 feet 6 inches; 10x12 feet; 10 feet 3 inches by 13 feet; 8x10 feet 3 inches, and alcove, 7x9 feet 6 inches.

The height of first and second floors is 9 feet 6 inches; of basement, 7 feet.

Studding, 2x4 inches; joist, 2x10 inches; rafters, 2x4 inches. Extension

room and dining-room and between chamber and alcove are cased openings. The front door contains a glass panel, and at each side of the front door there is a window opening into the hall. The glass showing in transoms of parlor windows is to be of an ornamental description.

All glass throughout building, excepting art glass, will be the best selected American, double thick.

The exterior of the house will look well painted bronze green, with white trimmings, red roof and dark green sash.

Painting is three-coat work; plaster-



FRONT ELEVATION OF MODERATE-PRICED HOME.

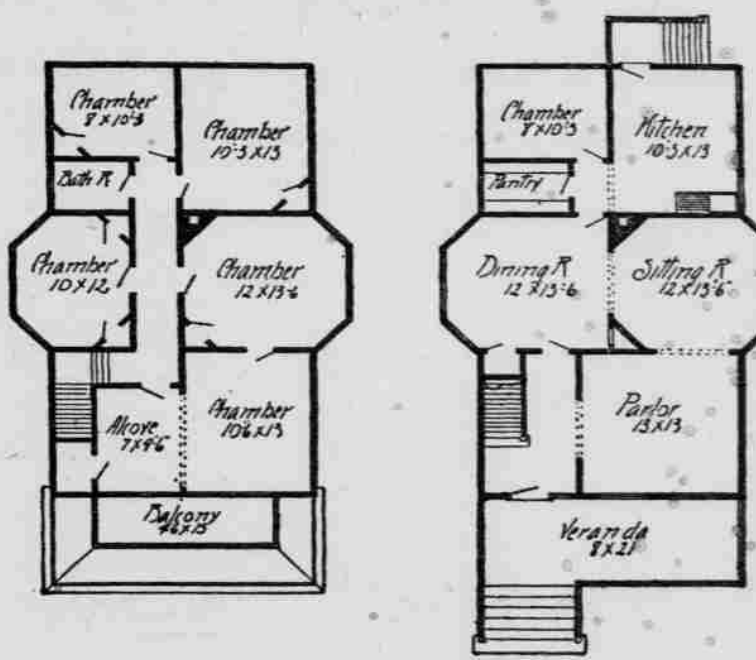
walls are sheathed with fence flooring, and building paper is placed between sheathing and finished siding. Shingles upon roof are cedar. All siding is to be 4-inch O. G.; the balcony deck is tinned. All down spouts, gutters, flashing and drips upon chimney are of galvanized iron.

The floors of first and second stories are double, having felt paper between them. The attic has a single floor. The chimney showing above the roof is veneered with red press brick. The cor-

ning two-coat work, last coat being a putty or plaster of Paris finish. The doors are 2 feet 8 inches wide by 7 feet high.

The basement floor is concreted, and the furnace-room, coal-room, storeroom and laundry are all located in the basement. The entrance to basement is from the dining-room beneath front stairs.

All rooms are piped for gas and furnace. The bathroom is 5x6 feet, and all the roughing-in pipes are placed,



PLAN OF FIRST AND SECOND FLOORS.

nice showing on elevation is constructed with large brackets and paneled between. The finish throughout is of Georgia pine, oil finished. All floors are pine, except kitchen and pantry floors, which will be of maple. The kitchen contains sink, pantry and closets, to be fitted with shelves.

The openings between parlor and hall, parlor and sitting-room, sitting-

ready for the fixtures, which are not included in this estimate of \$1,800.

The hardware is of a very neat design, good and substantial, all windows being hung with sash cord and weights. All doors are five cross panel doors.

The work throughout is of the best character, and when the house is completed it must be left clean and ready for occupancy. GEO. A. W. KINTZ.

#### PHYSICAL STRENGTH.

In Man It Reaches Its Greatest Development Between the 30th and 31st Years.

The muscles, in common with all the organs of the body, have their stages of development and decline, says the Strand Magazine. Our physical strength increases up to a certain age and then decreases. Tests of the strength of several thousands of people have been made by means of a dynamometer (strength measurer), and the following are given as the average figures for the white race:

The "lifting power" of a youth of 17 years is 280 pounds. In his twentieth year this increases to 320 pounds, and in the thirtieth and thirty-first years it reaches its height, 356 pounds. At the end of the thirty-first year the strength begins to decline, very slowly at first.

By the fortieth year it has decreased eight pounds, and this diminution continues at a slightly increased rate until the fiftieth year is reached, when the figure is 330 pounds.

After this period the strength falls more and more rapidly, until the weakness of old age is reached. It is not possible to give accurate statistics of the decline of strength after the fiftieth year, as it varies to a large extent in different individuals.

#### Electrical Sterilization.

Electric sterilization of water has been successfully practiced in Germany. The water taken from the Bruges canal at Schoorebrugge is first filtered in the usual manner, through beds of different kinds of sand, and is finally "pumped" through sterilizers, being there subjected to the influence of an electric current at a pressure of 1,000 volts. It is stated that by this means all traces of microbes are entirely destroyed, and the pure water is distributed to the inhabitants of Blankenberg by means of the system previously in use. About 35,000 cubic feet are treated per day in summer, this volume falling to about 10,000 cubic feet per day in winter. The electrical installation has an output of 55 horse-power.

#### Electrical Waves.

A scientist has discovered that electrical currents in the form of waves rapidly succeeding one another can produce insensibility to pain and cold in the flesh, acting as an anesthetic like ether. When the currents were applied to the finger and thumb by wires the finger could be pricked with a pin without pain.

#### Stride of the Ostrich.

Ornithologists tell us that, when feeding, the stride of the ostrich is from 20 inches to 22 inches; when walking, but not feeding, 26 inches, and when terrified, 11½ to 14 feet, or at the rate of about 25 miles an hour.

## Sure Cure for Colds

When the children get their feet wet and take cold give them a hot foot bath, a bowl of hot drink, a dose of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and put them to bed. The chances are they will be all right in the morning. Continue the Cherry Pectoral a few days, until all cough has disappeared.

Old coughs are also cured; we mean the coughs of bronchitis, weak throats and irritable lungs. Even the hard coughs of consumption are always made easy and frequently cured by the continued use of

## Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Every doctor knows that wild cherry bark is the best remedy known to medical science for soothing and healing inflamed throats and lungs.

Put one of  
Dr. Ayer's  
Cherry Pectoral  
Plasters  
over your lungs

The Best Medical  
Advice Free!

We now have some of the most eminent physicians in the United States. General opportunities and long experience eminently fit them for giving you medical advice. Write freely all the particulars in your case.

Address, Dr. J. C. AYER,  
Lowell, Mass.

#### COULDN'T FOOL HIM.

How a Colored Boy Knew Joseph Jefferson Was Not a Circus Rider.

Joseph Jefferson and his son Tom were walking home from a duck hunt on his plantation in Louisiana one evening, when one of the colored boys asked Tom what he did in the show. Tom said:

"Go up, John, and ask him! he'll tell you."

The colored boy went up to Mr. Jefferson and said:

"Mr. Joe, will you be mad if I asked you something?"

"No, John, what is it?" said Mr. Jefferson.

"What do you do in de show?"

Mr. Jefferson replied that it would be rather difficult for him to explain to him what his particular line of business was.

"Well," said John, "dus yer swallow knives?"

Mr. Jefferson told him he had no talent whatever in that direction.

"Well, yer son told me yed swallowed knives and forks and fire, and de Lor' knows what all, and I believe he was jest foolin' me."

Mr. Jefferson agreed with him, saying that his son was quite capable of it.

"Well, dere's one thing certain," said John, "yer don't act in de circus."

Mr. Jefferson asked him how he could be sure of that. John burst into an immoderate fit of laughter.

"O, no; no sir! Yer can't fool me on dat. I've seen yer get on a horse—yer ain't no circus actor!"—Boston Globe.

No Use at All.

"Mistletoe is awfully scarce this year," she said. "I'm afraid ma won't be able to get any."

"What's the use?" he asked.

And the sounds which forthwith ensued indicated that it was absolutely useless.—Philadelphia North American.

Anna.—"They say I have my mother's mouth and nose." Hannah.—"Well, your mother was lucky to get rid of 'em."—Yonkers Statesman.

## Meekison of Ohio

Has Been Greatly Benefited by  
Pe-ru-na.

Congressman D. Meekison of Ohio, writes the following letter to Dr. Hartman.

Dr. S. B. Hartman, Columbus, O.  
DEAR SIR—I have used several bottles of Pe-ru-na and feel greatly benefited thereby. I have been afflicted

with catarrh of the head and feel encouraged to believe that continued use of Pe-ru-na will fully eradicate a disease of thirty years' standing.

Yours sincerely,

D. MEEKISON.

The continued receipt of endorsements like this for Dr. Hartman's great catarrh remedy, prove its value beyond question. Men of prominence everywhere are recognizing the merit of Pe-ru-na and are willing to give expression to their judgment because a certain, absolute cure for catarrh is a public good. All druggists sell Pe-ru-na.